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## SUSIE KNIGHT; OR,

The True History of "The Pretty Waiter Girl."

A FANCY POEM IN THREE CANTOS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

### CANTO I.

LX.

Now when the first deep hour of love had past,  
Our hero slumbered, fearing no alarms;  
While Susie held him tenderly and fast,  
His neck entwined by plump and glowing arms.  
She fears the joy is all too deep to last,  
So rests his head upon her bosom's charms,  
And thinks of Robert, love, and perfect bliss;  
Then hugs him closer and imprints a kiss.

LXI.

How quick an hour glides by, if we enjoy it!  
It seems but as a single moment fled.  
But Fortune's dame has mix'd, with skill adroit,  
The pain and pleasures through which we are led:  
She'll pour out happiness, and then alloy it,  
As peddlars do their milk, or bakers' bread.  
Thus, when we think we've got about the thing,  
We weep to find how little joy 'twill bring.

LXII.

"'Tis ever thus in this dark world of sorrow!"—  
Which words are copied, as you might suppose,  
In fact, religion's cant I like to borrow.  
It calms my conscience much, the devil knows;  
And I've resolved to turn a saint to-morrow.  
And go to church, where grace abundant flows.  
A friend, who goes, reminds me that I'll meet  
Some righteous curls and pious little feet.

LXIII.

He says the steps are high, he stands below,  
To watch the ladies as they pass along.  
And if their ankles "heave in sight," why, no!  
He can't help looking at them, 'tis no wrong—  
At least he says so, and he sure should know.  
For to that self same church he doth belong.  
Although he drinks "milk punches" now and then,  
And "plays the deuce," like other wicked men.

LXIV.

Return my muse—Old Slowman rose quite early,  
Fed all the pigs, and did each little chore;  
Built up a fire, and while the smoke rose curly,  
Stretch'd his broad limbs and walked toward the door—  
At best he felt a little cross and surly.  
The morn was chilly, "somewhat if not more;"  
And grumbling 'bout the cold, he first espied  
A horse, half frozen, to the front post tied.

LXV.

He rubbed his eyes, and gazed with close attention,  
Then rubbed once more and swore an awful oath—  
Yes! spite of all his Puritan pretension,  
He d—d his daughter, and her lover, both;  
In fact, his passion gained a full ascension.  
"I'll show the precious fools what's what!" he quoth:  
So with a heavy step upstairs he stalked,  
And unannounced into the chamber walked.

LXVI.

A curious sight it was that met his eye—  
His step, it seemed, was heard by pretty Susie,  
But Robert slept, for sherry and old rye  
Will make a man comatose and hoarse.  
Besides, he'd been awake all night, and I  
Admit there was some reason to be snoozy;  
For love is apt to be exhaustive pleasure,  
And when 'tis o'er men like to sleep at leisure.

LXVII.

Well, as I've said, it was a curious sight,  
The lady found her lover still would sleep,  
And try as hard to wake him as she might,  
He yet was held in slumbers sound and deep.  
Yes, there he lay upon her bosom white,  
While she, poor girl, was weeping enough to weep;  
But that were useless—so with wiser head  
She sought to hide her lover in the bed.

LXVIII.

Just at that very moment Slowman came,  
"Mat-as-a-hornet!" like a curse he swore;  
While Bob's "poisish," his anger did inflame,  
And made him swear, and tear, and rave the more.  
To Knight, however, it was all the same,  
And placid was the countenance he wore;  
For Morpheus held the scamp within his keep,  
And blessed him with the sweetest kind of sleep.

LXIX.

What next occurred I can't exact remember—  
Suffice to know that Bob was dragged from bed,  
And in the chilly air of bleak December  
Pitched roughly down the stairs, heels over head:  
That by the line of one of his head embers  
Miss Susie dressed, then to the door was led,  
And pushed outside with many a bitter curse,  
A father's anger and an empty purse.

LXX.

Bob took her in his sleigh, and off they rode,  
Though his poor horse from cold could scarcely move;  
And through the veins his own blood freezing flowed,  
For in the haste he could not save his glove.  
But soon they reached the tavern, his abode,  
And, stopping there, he helped his lady love  
To disembark; and unobserved did she  
Gain Robert's room—whereat she breathed more free.

LXXI.

She cried a little—handsome girls when weeping  
Look twice as pretty as at other times;  
The same is true of lovely ones while sleeping,  
And most, when dreaming of their "girlish crimes."  
It really sets one's virtuous blood to leaping,  
And forms it theme for quite a mass of rhymes:  
In either case, 'tis but a common duty  
To hug and kiss a love-inspiring beauty.

LXXII.

So Robert thought, and so—but never mind,  
'Twould take too long to paint the picture neat;  
Besides, my reader dear, I am inclined  
To think 'tis time this Canto was complete;  
For, by referring to some sage, I find  
That things are best when they are "short and sweet."  
So all the rest I'll tell you very quick,  
And will relieve your patience in a nick.

LXXIII.

Our hero took his mistress to a place  
Some sixty miles from where she'd lived before,  
Resolved her as a wife to him embrace;  
But, ere the honeymoon was scarcely o'er,  
He wearied of her young and beautiful face,  
And so, one day, decamped for some far shore,  
And with him took a lady who was spoused,  
But who in him strong passions had aroused.

LXXIV.

Sue and the lady's husband wept together,  
And both appeared, at first, most deeply pained;  
But as they got acquainted with each other,  
His sorrow most materially waned:  
And she herself began to question, whether  
She hadn't by this new acquaintance gained  
More than she'd lost. And when at last they parted,  
They showed no signs of being broken-hearted.

LXXV.

Thence Susie went to Lowell; where she staid  
"A short time only." (See the bills for shows.)  
The fact is, girls she found were poorly paid,  
And working didn't suit her, as it goes.  
So Susie Knight, our pretty wench, or maid,  
Resolved to seek New York to find repose.  
She found it—but her doings there I've reckoned  
Upon as groundwork for my Canto Second.

LXXVI.

Now, Canto First, Skeddaddie! you are done.  
Go show the reading world your brazen face;  
Kill criticism, ere it has begun,  
By claiming you're a literary ace.  
Blow your own trumpet loudly. When you've won  
'Monet moral tracts a long enduring place,  
See to it that by magic, strange as Hermann's,  
You do the work of forty thousand sermons.

END OF CANTO FIRST.



LIZZIE SCHULTZE,  
DANSEUSE.



EDWARD LAMB,  
LOW COMEDIAN.

See Biographical Sketches in another Column.

## THE LIBERTINE AND HIS VICTIM;

OR,

## THE DOOM OF THE PROFLIGATE.

A TALE OF

## THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE, LOVE, AND CRIME:

The Theatre, Turf, Ring, and Bagnio.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

### CHAPTER V.

FRANK BEVERLY'S GAMBLING PALACE—FIGHTING THE TIGER—THE  
POLICE FOILED—THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUNG GIRLS—THE  
FIREMEN'S FIGHT—BARNEY'S KNIFE DOES DUTY—THE CHASE  
AND ESCAPE—MADAME BOURI'S PERPLEXITY—LISSETTE  
FOLLOWS THE COOR—BILL AND THE COLONEL—BILL AND MADAME  
BOURI PASS A PLEASANT NIGHT.

In that division of Broadway which runs from Tenth to  
Fourteenth streets, stands an edifice whose exterior does not  
materially differ from those around it, excepting perhaps in the  
sober, quiet demeanor which it constantly exhibits. During the  
day it is seldom that any one is ever seen to enter or leave it,  
and if so, an inquisitive observer would at once set down the  
party passing as a servant of some description. With blinds  
always drawn down to their full extent, it presented that sombre  
appearance which usually indicates "a death in the family," and  
yet no funeral procession is ever seen to leave its door; nor yet  
is even one of that sex so necessary to the complete embellish-  
ment of a mansion ever noticed to enter its portals. Entering  
the main door, the visitor finds himself before another; in this,  
which though highly embellished was evidently built for strength,  
was a small wicket through which by a talismanic word quietly  
spoken could it alone be made to turn on its hinges and give  
freedom of access. Next, a handsome staircase led up to the  
flat above, where a suite of apartments unequalled for magnificent  
decoration met the eye; furnished in luxurious gorgeousness,  
everything was brought out with a view to effect, while pictures,  
mirrors, and a brilliant light lent an enchantment to the scene  
worthy of a royal palace.

It is night, and the innumerable jets of gas are pouring a  
flood of sun-like rays upon an assemblage collected within these  
walls. Here were to be seen man in his youth, his prime, and  
almost in his second childhood, and all with rare exceptions  
eagerly bent upon the chances which the turn up of a card or  
die might bring. In the centre of the main saloon stood a table  
covered with green cloth; at one side of this sat Frank Beverly,  
the polite and gentlemanly proprietor, who with a winning  
smile invited those surrounding him to name their cards, and  
with an equally graceful bow paid over or received the stakes,  
according as the bank lost or won. Around the walls were small  
tables at which other games were progressing. The subdued  
murmurings of the crowd commingling with the rattle of the  
dice box and the ringing of the glasses, which at one end were  
continually being filled and emptied of their contents of the  
most various, betokened the briskness of the throng. Here and  
there he noticed the face lit up with a gleam of exultation, as one  
man would sweep up his winnings and deposit them in his purse  
or pocket book; there, the knit eyebrows and compressed lips  
of him whom fortune seemed to shun, and who with desperate  
energy was calculating how to retrieve his losses. Some, with  
methodical stoicism sat placidly looking on, after having  
secured a certain sum, refusing to tempt the fickle goddess any  
more on this occasion; others, relieved of all they had, watched  
with haggard looks the events as they transpired, hoping by  
some subtle means to be able when next they came to play with  
more discretion.

Strange it was with what an amount of joy or misery a single  
spot was often fraught.

Among those who took an active part in the proceedings was  
Col. French; moderate in the amounts he risked, it did not  
seem to put him about much whether he lost or won; it was  
evident that he was an old hand, and was not to be carried away  
by the excitement of the moment, and the result was that he  
generally came out just sufficiently ahead to pay him for the  
trouble of amusing himself—for that was more his object than  
anything else. Very different was the behavior of an old gentle-  
man who sat beside him, and with whom he was seemingly on  
intimate terms. Sum after sum he had tabled and seen it disap-  
pear from his gaze, and still he would play on. At last the  
Colonel whispered to him, "Now, Richard, stop, for God's sake! you've lost enough  
for one night, the luck is against you."

"No, no! Colonel, not yet—it must change! I must win—at  
any rate I promise you that unless it does so within fifteen  
minutes, I will then give up."

And as he played on, the minutes slowly went by; now it  
wanted but a few minutes of the minute, and still he was the loser—  
at last one minute only remained.

"Now, Colonel, for my last stake!" and he placed five twenty-  
dollar bills on his card.

Once more the cards were shuffled; slowly they were drawn  
from the pack—one for the bank—one for the table—and the old  
man wins.

"I told you, Colonel, the luck would change," exclaimed he,  
and with eager haste he doubled his former stake.

Again he won, and so continued. In twenty minutes he was  
the holder of \$6,400.

"And now, Colonel, let's to supper," and with undisguised  
glee he seized that individual by the arm and almost dragged  
him into another apartment, where all the delicacies which could  
tempt the appetite were found in bounteous profusion. To those  
they paid their respects and then together left.

About half an hour might have elapsed since the departure of  
the Colonel and his friend, and the play was still going on,  
when suddenly the tinkling of a small bell was heard beneath the  
table close beside the dealer's left hand. Scarcely moving a  
muscle of his face, Frank Beverly cried in a clear voice—  
"Gentlemen, your cards and dice, quickly! we are about to  
have unwelcome visitors—no time must be lost, please retire to  
the supper room."

An immediate rush was made in that direction. In the mean-  
time one or two attendants had collected all the apparatus, and  
handing them to Frank he approached a corner of the room,  
slid back a small panel in the wall, tumbled everything in, and  
in a few seconds they were floating down one of the main sewers  
of the city, far out of reach. Hardly were these arrangements,  
or rather derangements, completed, when a body of police  
burst into the premises, but they were too late, not a single  
thing could they lay their hands upon and they were compelled  
to retire as they came—a handsome fee to the Captain of the  
district, next day, induced him to report to his superiors that  
he had been totally misled as to the nature of the house, and  
the promise of an annual renewal of the same, secured Frank  
perfectly from similar annoyance in the future.

Relieved from the presence of the officers, the company spent  
a few pleasant hours together in the supper room; their affable  
host assuring them that by the next evening the bank would be  
again fully prepared to honor the drafts of its customers, or to  
receive deposits, as the circumstances of the case might require.

When Col. French and Mr. Richardson returned the sidewalk  
it was not much past midnight; the former without delay hired  
a vehicle and offering his friend a seat, which was politely  
declined as he "had not far to go," drove straight home. The  
latter turned in a contrary direction and made his way towards  
a grand street, turning down which he soon reached Laurens  
street, and there was admitted into a house. Now he was a  
gentleman of the church and a member of the legislature to boot;  
one of those who had used their utmost influence to put down  
concert halls and other places of amusement; so, of course, the  
place he entered was on a visit of charity—or something of that  
sort. It might have been, had it been daylight, and any one to

see him do it—but, alas! his success at the faro table, and the  
wine he had drunk, stirred up what little life he had in his body,  
and his sensual passions must be gratified. The landlady  
greeted him as an old acquaintance, and he was at once shown  
into a private room where he was not allowed to remain long  
alone. Three young girls, the eldest of whom could not be  
more than fourteen, entered; none of them were dressed with  
much superfluous clothing, and what they had on was quickly  
got rid of. Falling to, they soon reduced the old gentleman to  
the same state of nature as themselves, and then began a game  
of romps over which we must draw a veil. At the end of a  
couple of hours he was retaining his steps along Broadway  
towards Fourteenth street where his lodgings were. He had just  
reached the corner, and was within a few yards of his own door,  
when Bill and Barney fell in with him and kindly took care of  
the contents of his pockets. Next day the papers had a startling  
account of the daring game of romps on the person of a mem-  
ber of the legislature, and deep sympathy was expressed for him  
as he lay in a critical condition—had the public known the whole  
state of the case, the verdict would, most likely, have been,  
"verged him right." A handsome reward was in a few days  
offered for the return of the pocket-book and its contents, "and  
no questions asked."

Colonel French arrived in safety at his house, and found on  
his table a note from Madame Bouri urging his presence with  
her as soon as convenient, as she had something important to  
communicate. Laying it aside for future consideration, he en-  
tered the precincts of his harem, threw his handkerchief at the  
one he desired as his companion for the night, pillored his head  
on her snowy bosom, and was soon far away in the land of  
dreams.

After Bill and Barney parted from Mr. Richardson they sped  
down to the Bowery, along which they hurried. During their  
progress, out pealed the fire bells, and in a few minutes the  
machines were rattling along with all the speed they could muster.  
It was no part of the burglar's intention to show themselves  
where there was so much light, but they had not proceeded far  
when, at the corner of one of the streets, they found a couple of  
fire companies engaged in a jolly good fight; in endeavoring to  
pick their way through this, Barney rather unceremoniously  
elbowed one of the boys, when, with a "Halloo!" who the hell are  
you?" he turned around and started his fist at the fellow who  
peepers with such precision that that individual was compelled  
to assume a horizontal position on the sidewalk. This was more  
than Bill had bargained for, so drawing his bludgeon he "spiced  
in," and was soon laying on right and left. In the excitement of  
the moment his attention was diverted from Barney, who was  
engaged with his opponent in endeavoring to regain his feet.

Fast and furious grew the fun, axes, pistols, and paving stones  
were freely used, and not a few damaged limbs were the result—  
but everything must have an end, and so has a firemen's fight.  
The police reached the spot, and, rushing in, by means of their  
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stertorous breathing she appears to labor under the effects of  
unpleasant dreams; and now with stealthy tread her mistress  
approaches—quickly a hand is stretched forth, a few drops from  
the vial pass into the mouth of the unfortunate wretch.  
For an instant her eyes are opened, and meet the deadly gaze  
fixed upon her, she makes an attempt to rise, but too late—too  
late! a gurgling in her throat proclaims that the poison has done  
its work, and she falls back a corpse. The vial was returned to  
its place, and, exhausted by her emotions and terrified at the  
presence of the now inanimate and harmless Lisette, Madame  
Bouri rushed from the room to the chamber of Lillian, and said  
fainting on the door. Miss Herbert, awakened by the unusual  
intrusion, hastened to her assistance, and in a few minutes re-  
stored her to a more tranquil state. Madame Bouri invented  
some story as to her having been taken with a sudden sickness,  
and that unable to summon her domestics (which was true  
enough, and no mistake) had sought refuge with her. Lillian  
took what she fancied would be a favorable opportunity again to  
plead her own cause, but she could not have employed a more  
effective method to reveal to herself a true sense of her position;  
for with freezing coldness Madame Bouri forbade her to trouble  
her again on such a subject.

How Madame Bouri spent that day it would be difficult to de-  
scribe, but towards evening old French made his appearance,  
and she at once related to him the tale of the burglary, and the  
disposal of the body, and led him to believe that on awakening in  
the morning she had found Lisette dead on her couch; and de-  
stined his advice and assistance as to what should be done. En-  
dowed with a nerve of iron, even he was appalled at the gravity  
of the circumstances which had taken place, and at once came to  
conclusions far from favorable to Madame Bouri; but which, had  
he been fully aware of all that had occurred, could not have been  
nearer the truth. Startled at the enormity of the risk involved  
in being made a confidant of such atrociousness, he was bewildered  
at the immensity of an emergency which called for instant and  
decisive action. Whilst engaged in earnest consultation they  
were alarmed by a summons from someone outside, and Mad-  
ame B. hastened to reply, but what was her horror to discover  
Bill, the Thief, confronting her. Admitting him at once, for it  
would have been madness to have refused him, she led him into  
a small parlor and entered into conversation with him. At last a  
brilliant thought struck her; she repeated to him the tale she  
had related upon the Colonel, and promised him a liberal sum if  
he would assist her in her difficulties.

"Vy, Louise, yer see I hasn't much to say agin it, provided as  
'ow yer stumps down the ready 'ansome, but it's a ticklish busi-  
ness, even a young 'oman slips 'er foot so wery unexpected, some  
folks would say, though in course I don't mean to, that some  
van 'ad 'elped 'er to do it."

This home thrust of Bill's almost proved too much for her self-  
possession, but recovering herself she assured him that she  
would make any sacrifice to get matters put in order, but she  
had to consult a third party who was in the habit of making a  
little money without much trouble, the whole affair is most un-  
fortunate—you know what share you have had in bringing on  
these troubles, but if you will act with discretion you shall never  
be troubled any more about it; on the other hand, any want of  
judgment you may be guilty of, I have the means of detecting  
and punishing in a manner you would perhaps prefer avoiding.

"All fair and square, Colonel, and in mine obliged to yer  
for yer consideration—but what's yer terms?"  
"A hundred dollars, down."

"It couldn't be did, Colonel, at that price—not by no means.  
Now I'll tell yer wot it is, say twenty-five and a bargain."

"Too much—too much by far! why, what would hinder me at  
any time from consigning you to a felon's cell?"  
"Vy, just this—you would 'ave to account as to 'ow yer come to  
know anythin' 'bout it, an' then I think 'ud be about even."

"Well, then, you can let the job alone."  
"But I won't! I mean to do it, and have the mopups, too;  
yer can't get me out of that, no how. If my neck gets into an  
unpleasant place, yours won't be far off, so yer may as well settle up,  
and thank 'er stars yer gets off so cheap."

Enraged almost beyond control at this insolence, the Colonel  
would not have hesitated to use physical force against a man his in-  
ferior in form and muscle, but Bill, planting his back against the  
door, quietly exhibited his six shooter, and waited until he had  
been entirely disarmed of its deadly contents, which was in fact  
done; but not so that the burglar's arguments were unanswer-  
able. Foiled at every point he counted out the money, which  
Bill quietly put in his pocket, and in spite of Madame's entreaties  
left the house, disgusted at the fate which had dragged him  
into contact with such circumstances, and characterizing his eye  
could but have penetrated the walls and beheld the prize he  
much coveted, almost within his grasp, how much would he  
not have dared for its possession!

With nervous hands Madame Bouri assisted Bill in his prepara-  
tions to consult the body of Lisette to its final resting place, and  
after a while it was laid to rest in the arms of her fellow-servant, after  
having been entirely disarmed of its deadly contents, which was in fact  
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MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS,  
MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

**OUR LETTER BOX.**  
We have letters for Miss Julia Hudson; Miss Dora Dawron; Madame Macarte; J. Heneage Carter; Mr. Somers, opera shoe maker; Jas. F. Hagan; W. McCracken; W. H. Donaldson; W. H. Phil; C. W. Parker, and Frank Rivers.

TO THE PROFESSION.

**THE CLIPPING** is the great organ of the dramatic and show profession, and our desire is and ever has been to make this department not only useful to the profession, but interesting to the general reader. Through it we can learn the whereabouts and business of our friends. Prop up a playbill, a newspaper, a line or two of the movements of yourselves and those associated with you, so that they may reach us by Saturday, or Monday, at the latest, and we'll return the favor by forwarding to you the names of the actors, the items furnished, and the names of the agents. We'll also send you, on Tuesday morning of each week. We charge nothing for recording the movements of our friends, neither do we ask or seek favors of any kind for printing. We are glad to contribute to the cause of our friends, and we rely on you for the benefit of the profession, and thereby extend the sphere of its usefulness.

THE beautiful weather of last week brought out the amusement seekers in extraordinary force, and every place of public resort in the city came in for a very liberal share of the circulating medium, which was spent with a looseness expressive of anything but a tightness in the money market. Notwithstanding the very unhealthy condition of the city, and the fact that the members of the examining board of the draft commission, the streets thronged with returning abductees and conscripted invalids; soldiers also continue to arrive and encamp in our midst, all ignorant of seeing the sights of the great metropolis. Everything gives evidence of a prosperous season and a superabundance of amusements for the entertainment of those who like a gay and dissipated life. Last week's issue of the CLIPPER, among them being John Brougham's drama of "Lady Audley's Secret"; the reappearance of Edwin Forrest; the appearance of the German, Bandmann, in a new tragedy; the *debut* of Verrecke, the European gymnast; the opening of the Alhambra, with Arabs, etc.; and the arrival of an Italian troupe, the names of which we have not yet learned, so forth, all of which events are treated of in separate articles in this department. It is a fact worthy of notice that the critics who do the "heavy" business for the dailies are unusually quick touching the performances of Mr. Forrest, and that gentleman has heretofore received many a peppering at the hands of the critics. The question arises, why? Certainly he has outlived the powers of his enemies, and attracts as large audiences at the present day as he has ever attracted since his first appearance upon the stage. Probably, like the two opposing armies in Virginia, the critics may be laying off for rest and recuperation. Previous to commencing another vigorous onslaught. . . . One of the other actors, of a singularly singular appearance. . . . Of an advanced age, came to pass on Wednesday, Sept. 2d, when Mrs. Matilda Heron Stoepl had born unto her a daughter. . . . Speaking of matrimony and its results, "why is wedlock like a railroad catastrophe?" This query was propounded to us by our incorrigible devil, "Skeelsicks," who seems to be troubled with the question. . . . Inquiries to solve the problem, we, like Gen. Pemberton at Vicksburg, gave it up. "Because," said the juvenile fiend, snapping a melon seed at the eye of our favorite cat, "because it is one of the casualities of life." . . . The "Ghost" business "thrives apace," and every night develops some new feature. In these mysterious appearances of the dead, the Bowery theatres give the best display, and introduce effects which their Broadway "confreeres" have not yet attempted. . . . Those churches whose patrons do not require spiritual consolation during the hot season, re-opened yesterday for the fall and winter campaign, under the most favorable auspices, the attendance at all of them being largely increased. . . . The day, acquitted themselves in a highly praiseworthy manner, and received the warm congratulations and commendations of their hearers. During the summer recess, the tabernacles have been cleaned and otherwise renovated, and now present a much improved appearance. . . . Mister McFerrry, better known as "Maccferri," the Italian Signor Macferri, is coming among the arrivals in town last week. The Signor is a vocalist of great repute. We'll make a conundrum in honor of his abilities. "Why is Maccferri like the privateer Florida?" Because he can't be beaten on the high C." . . . In the examination of Dion Boucicault, in the London Bankrupt Court, the fact was elicited that Boucicault, the London Signor Macferri, was in Chicago, and which amount was moved in this city to New Chicago, and made over to Mrs. B. Of course this snuggly little comes into play very *apropos* at the present time. . . . Talking about failures, Verrecke, the London gymnast, made a bad job of it on his appearance in this city last week, and he had already lost his life on the concern, which produced him in Chicago. . . . In the absence of more important matters, we'll make another conundrum: "Why should Niblo's and the Winter Garden be favorite summer resorts? Because there is a great Forrest in the one, and lovely Bowers at the other." . . . Being known to all manner of mankind that since the tragedy of "Narcissa" the city has been in a state of mourning, . . . The adaptation is attributed to a baker's dozen of good men and true. Now, when the play was in "abeyance," and doubt of its success excited no one, that we were aware of, cared to have it but Mr. J. G. Methua. Had it failed, Mr. Methua would have had to stand the blunt. As it is a "go," let him have the credit of it as well. . . . We can't say so, loved reader? . . . Talking of the "go," we allusions to the "go," which we have not yet seen. Wood will not be able to commence her season there, for two or three weeks.

If there were any doubts existing as to the great increasing popularity of Wood's Minstrels, a visit to this marble hall of minstrelsy would at once remove all doubts. On each and every evening that this model troupe appear, a crowded and very brilliant house is the fair result, and of which it is principally due to the fact that there are always great admirers of ballad singing. Messrs. Wambold, Henry, and Lockwood are very pleasing singers, and delight all by their sweet and, at times, enchanting vocalization. The twin comedians, Eph Horn and Frank Brower, appear each night in their several comic attire. Had Marcus Crassus, the Roman who was never known to laugh, had the privilege of witnessing the fun provoking abilities of these two "comicks," the morose spell that bound the rigid lines of his face would have been exorcised, and his unenviable *senex* appearance would have been changed to that of a laughing youth. In performance at Wood's, without laughing, ought to be feared. On his approach, pockets should be buttoned and canes closely clenched; for, to make a paraphrase—

The man that hath no humor in himself,  
Nor is not moved by wit and droll conceits,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
To use his wit, his tongue, his heart, his hands,  
To abuse the time, to quarrel with the clock,  
To spend the night, to waste the day, to scorn  
The first time a very talented and worthy gentleman noticed  
with this troupe, and one who, in some measure, contrived  
to add to the attraction of this place of amusement. We refer  
to Mr. M. Lewis, the gentleman who does the twerch business  
and to win the female parts in the afterpieces are continually  
his lithe figure and lightness of foot adapt him peculiarly to the  
assumption of female characters, in which he seems to delight.  
As a *gentleman* he has evidently received a thorough education  
in *poetry* and *music*, and the grace required by the character  
of *the* *queen*, and the agility and swiftness of *the* *queen*, which he  
has mastered the stately old mimics out of existence. If we had  
not referred to him before, it is not because we have failed to  
see the unusual accomplishments of which he is master, or in  
which he is so well versed, but because we have not had the opportunity  
to see him in the character of *the* *queen*, which he has mastered  
much so that nineteen-twentieths of our ballet ladies at the  
different theatres could learn a profitable lesson from him, not only  
in the care and putting on of the "tacks" and "flies," but in the  
manner in which he seizes them so clean an appearance. The  
showing of his *talents* in the *afterpieces* will be continued  
were inaugurated on Saturday, the 5th, and will be continued  
each week.

Herr F. Lubin, the Escamoteur and Polyphonist, as he styled, is soon to exhibit something wonderful in the magic art. We cannot write from personal observation, but from what we can learn, he must have taken lessons from the Old Boy him- self in the mysterious business. He styles his entertainment "Diabolarium." So prepare yourselves for something diabolical when Herr L. appears.

Mr. B. L. Morris, late of the St. Louis Theatre, is at present this city, making preparations for starting out on a starring tour. He made his appearance at the New Bowery last June, for the benefit of Mr. Wheelan, the treasurer, and made a very favorable impression. As an imitator of those gentlemen of the German persuasion, he is said to have no equal on the American stage.

By the steamer City of New York, which arrived here on Monday last, Mr. Burleigh, of the Leeds Theatre, England, accompanied by five or six professional ladies and gentlemen, came on board. They were engaged in England for the Richmond Theatre, to which city they hope to proceed at once. Manager J. H. Myers, of Eastern fame, is in this city, preparing for the coming season on his circuit.

new tragic drama called "Narcissus, or the Last Days of Sodom," was produced for the first time at Niblo's on Tuesday, Sept. 1st, Mr. Daniel E. Bannhand, taking the part of Narcissus, it being a case, it being a case, it being a case. It was crowded, and that, too, by an exceedingly appreciative and intelligent audience, who were drawn there by the doubt of a new drama, and to see Mr. Bannhand, essaying a different character from those he had hitherto rendered. In this respect, the play was produced with a great deal of style, the acting being exceedingly handsome and neat. A admirable cast of characters, too, was presented, and the piece could not have been placed upon the stage so effectively manner than it was, and for a first representation. We saw a greater number of the play, and the piece was interesting from the opening scene to the close of the play. The stage is so greatly superior to that of the majority of theatres that have of late years been presented on the metro-

tain stage, that it was quite a treat to listen to it, especially when emanating from the voices of such excellent readers and interpreters as were engaged on this occasion to enact the leading characters. The period of the scenes in the drama is that of the time of Louis XV., when the noted courtier, Madame de Pompadour, held sway in the court of that dissipated monarch, whose lovely wife, Blanche of Castile, was neglected for the brilliant and fascinating Pompadour. The plot, though simple in construction, is very attractive and effective in its development, fixing the attraction of the drama in the hands of the courtier, and to its final fall. Narcisse, the hero of the drama, is a complete personification of the visionary, philosophical and intellectual Frenchman, who, disappointed in his heart's great affections, becomes wild and reckless, and indifferent to all worldly matters, save his chivalrous regard for his honor. In this case, Narcisse, when young, had married a charming girl from his own class, who, through no fault of her own, had been left him as a dissipated career at court. His wife, however, grows more and more as only such intellectual beings as Narcisse do, and not knowing of her ambition, he seeks her as a parent would a lost daughter. The first act opens with a reception room in the house of one of the Parisian philosophers, where a party of the court nobility is assembled, discussing the affairs of the kingdom. Anon, Narcisse, who is a man who bears the reputation of a mad philosopher, cap wit and a reckless will follow, and he will stroll in the street, and thereupon some one suggests that he be allowed to amuse the party by his sarcasm and wit. He accordingly appears, and soon his cutting remarks marred the vanity of those present right and left, and he soon gives the party enough of his wit to satisfy them. The next act presents the apartments of the then Premier of France, the noted, Duke De Choiseul, who,

tain his power is in a very hesitating mood, as to whether he will aid, that of the Pompadour or the Queen. He is suddenly called upon to decide in the matter by one of the Queen's supporters, and finally agrees to give in his decision on the following day. Then follows a scene in which the celebrated actress, Mile. de Nemours, is introduced. She is the favorite of the Pompadour, and she is to be married to Narcisse, the result of which is his agreement to be guided by her in certain affairs of the State. In the next few days. Next we have the *salon* of Madame De Pompadour, and the Duke and her ladyship have a private interview together, during which she reveals to him that she is the lost wife of Narcisse, and that she has never loved any other being. She then tells him that she wishes to be released from her position on the part of the Duke to his position, so that she may be able to do affairs in favor of the Queen, and he shortly afterwards conceals a plan that he hopes will lead to the death of the reigning favorite, and the placing of himself firmly in power again as the supporter of the Queen. Acts 3d and 4th develop the working of his plan, the heat of the contest, the progress of the plot increasing up to the very denouement, when the Queen is placed on the throne, and the audience and the credit of the drama. We can scarcely find too adequate to do justice to the admirable acting of Mr. Bandmann as Narcisse, and that of Madame Ponisi as Marquise De Pompadour. Often as we have seen this lady excel in her rendition of madame de Nemours on the metropolitan stage, we have never seen her approach the excellence of her performance here, and as regards her *personnel* she has certainly not presented such an attractive appearance for many years past as on this occasion. In this latter respect, we do not consider that she was excelled by the ever charming Mrs. Allen, whose personal attractions were fully presented in the several scenes of the drama, her appearance in the last act being particularly successful, and her acting very effective. As for Mr. Bandmann, he truly deserves ovation he received on Tuesday, for he was called out not only at the close of each act, but even during the performance of the scene. Indeed, from the first to the last act, the exceptions that carping criticism might take to his interpretation of the character of the Duke, are so few and so trifling, that they scarcely amount to being such as we should consider as complete and satisfactory to the most intellectual audience the city could present. The other characters were well represented, Messrs McCullough, Ward, Collier, and Kingsland each taking prominent parts with credit, as did Madames Skerrett and Reeves, and others of the company. Truly, it was a very happy evening. There was a run, as it is one of those plays that few can be satisfied to witness for once only.

A new "combination" is organizing in this city, Gustavus Geary, Miss Minnie Geary, and several other artists have already been enlisted. The performances given will embrace vocal and instrumental, and the production of the Ghost business. The first performance will be given at the Lyceum on the 14th, beginning there two or three nights. Their course then will be down to East among the New England towns. Mr. Frank Tryon, a well known advertising agent, has been secured by the party, and he is every way competent to fulfil the duties.

[illegible]

An attempt was made by the management to introduce the ghost business, but it was almost a failure, for the figures were so indistinctly shown that at the back part of the theatre it was almost impossible to see them. The management was not to be deterred by this. This is owing to the light not being strong enough, or else the party working it not fully understanding his business. The piece ends by Lady Audley being denounced, and she instantly falls away as a maniac. The character of Lady Audley is a monstrous, cruel, and unfeeling creature, cold, calculating, hard, crafty, and criminal throughout—impetuous alike to the softening and redeeming emotions of tenderness, generosity, or remorse. If Miss Braddon's object in depicting such a woman was solely to excite feelings of intense horror and repulsion, or to furnish a refined illustration of the possibilities of the example of it in an aspect of utter duplicity and badness, she has succeeded most admirably. If she endeavored to "hold the mirror up to nature," however, she held it so obliquely that the reflection she holds up is a exaggeration—we are loathe to believe that there are such systolic victims, and that "villains" in nature as Lady Audley. Mrs. Brown's personation was faultless and vivid. The experiences of the heart bring forth passion—sorrow develops genius; the history of all great artists and great men is a history of suffering and in the darkest eye of this lady there is the stamp of genius. Until now it has been but latent, it was the fault of circumstance—now it

circumstances will make of Mrs. Bowers, ere long, a great artist. She has impulsiveness, passion, and an earnestness which appeals to her audience, identifying her entirely with the character she plays. She is not without faults, but, on the whole, a heartless, dissembling woman to perfection. There are, however, scenes which demand great intensity and power, and in all of them she met every requirement, yet there appeared not the slightest tendency to overact. In every scene she was peculiarly effective. Mr. Lawrence P. Barrett, one of the best walking gentlemen we have on the American stage, rendered Mrs. Bowers capital support in the part of Roger Standley, he was very successful, and contributed much to the general interest and entertainment. It was easy and very acceptable. A. H. Davenport, George Talboys was excellent—right to the point all the time. The residue of the cast was efficiently filled. The piece will no doubt have a long run, but by all means, Mister Manager, im-

The fall and winter season at Niblo's Garden has commenced with a grand success. Manager Wheatley introduced to our city a new play, "The Richelieu," by his great contemporary, M. Edmond Richelieu. The house was densely filled by a very appreciative audience, composed in a good part of ladies, proving beyond a doubt the popularity of the play and the confidence of the public in the actor. The Richelieu of Mr. Forrest is one of the most carefully studied and elaborately finished of all his impersonations. He has transferred his genius into every line, and it is one of the most impressive artistic efforts that has ever been presented to the American public. His rendition of this character is marred only by a lack of care, but every line and sentence is delivered with all the impressiveness that attends the study of a prompt or talent suggest. The De Manger of Mr. MacCallum was a careful performance, satisfactory in every point. Mr. Collier failed to give the proper effectiveness to the part of Francis. Mrs. J. H. Allen, as Julia, was superb. This lady is a very careful, studious actress; clever in everything she undertakes and is quite a favorite with her audience. Mr. Forrest repeated Richelieu on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings to very crowded houses.

Mr. James M. Nixon's Alhambra Pavilion, erected on the lot opposite the Academy of Music, was opened to the public on Monday evening, 31st inst. It is very handsome new \$3 or 40 feet high, and has been put up by Mr. Nixon, who is now traveling with his traveling circus. The interior is very tastefully fitted up, and altogether is a very interesting place to pass away a couple of hours, witnessing equestrian and gymnastic stunts. The ring is of the regular size, a 42 feet, the curb of which is of wood, and about two feet high, and two feet in width. The seats are of the regular size, and are arranged in a charge of admission to the former being 25 cents, and the latter (the seats which are called "reserved seats") 50 cents. It would naturally be supposed that where an extra charge is demanded for accommodations would be a little better than the pit, but in this instance it is not the case, for those who pay 50 cents for nothing to sit upon but hard planks, the same as used by all the other theatres, and the seats are not padded with any soft material, and, placed on uprights; mind you, laid on, and not nailed on; tried, so if a lady should miss her footing in making the ascent to reach the top seat, the probability is that she would break her neck, or at least injure herself considerably. First class traveling companies through the country towns have their reserved seats covered with carpeting, which is some relief to the ladies, but the carpeting is of the worst quality, and of a color of displeasure manifested by quite a number of ladies, who not only objected to mounting these dangerous seats, but even sitting upon them. Between the curb of the ring and the seats, there is a large open space which is filled up with camp stools, and the other seats are filled. We therefore advise our readers to get to the theatre as early as possible, and to get good places. The dances are about to commence, and they will then get a "hot time." At 5 o'clock the house was crowded, and the gas was turned on its full head, which presented a brilliant appearance to the interior, the new canvas looking really beautiful. A very good band and string band, led by Mr. Kopp, then struck up and discoursed some excellent music. The programme of the performance was as follows:—1st, *aria* by three ladies and one gentleman, among whom we recognized the faces of Louisa Wells, Mrs. Late Nixon, Jenny Sylvester (Mrs. Wm. Aymar), Mrs. Carroll, Horace Nicholls, Barney Carroll, Jimmy Reynolds, Stanton Stone, and Billy Odell. Then followed a double globe act with two very clever performers: Barney Carroll then rode his horse, and then he did a "barrel carrying act" with Billy Odell. Mr. James Odell, the English clown, then came out, making his initial bow before a New York audience. This gentleman dresses in the style of the "Court Fools," with cap and bells, and makes a very good appearance in the ring. At times a person is disposed to like him for his wit, but then again says something very stale and flat, and it once removes the person from the theatre, and he falls into the same old groove, and says the same old things over and over again, and he keeps his tongue going incessantly. He talks too much, altogether. At times he is funny, but it is not all original; in fact, with the single exception of insisting upon topping the letter H, he is possessed of very little originality.

Prof. Cook wishes to remain in this country, and succeed, he must eschew his present style of conversation, and suit himself to the style of doing things. Prof. Nicolo and boy, at the Broadway Theatre several years ago, and well known in this city, were the first to introduce the rope and bar exercises, which were very popular, and the little fellow elicited much applause, as well as graceful exercises. A contortion and chair-trick act, was next introduced, and the next was the rope and bar exercises, but he drops out his performance to too great a length. The next had the veteran equestrian, Eaton Stone, whose name was well known, and who was a favorite and graceful bare-back act. He seems to have lost none of his skill, and his performance on the bare-back of his favorite horse was surprising. He was the first bare-back rider in this country, and was the first equestrian to introduce somersaulting back-ward, high jump, hoop and over-poles, and banners, from the back of his horse. He has won the highest honors, and won the highest plaudits from the people of all nations, for his skill and moral worth. The audience was then supposed to be introduced to a gymnast, who was to be considered a wonder of the 19th century; one who it is said has astonished all Europe. The first truly wonderful, exciting and daring feats upon the trapeze, I should refer to Mr. Verrecke, who has introduced a single flying trapeze (which was suspended from the centre pole) by the means of a rope. After being up there about ten minutes, and executing feats such as every gymnast in this country, who makes any pretension to trapeze performances, can do, he then comes down, and sits on the ground, and covers his shoulders, and then while sitting on the ground, he strikes the drum for several minutes. He then places the back part of his head, or what is called the nape of the neck, on the bar, and in that position strikes three taps on the drum of his own, wonderful, exciting, and daring performance is at an end. He then comes down, and sits on the ground, and then to see something really startling in the business, but the contrary we saw nothing fresh or wonderful. We know scores of young men now travelling through the country with circus companies, no one of whom makes any pretensions to being a contortionist, but each of them can do nearly all that Mr. Verrecke can do, but can surpass him in a single flying trapeze performance, and upon the double trapeze, too, and not the single trapeze such as used by this gentleman. Unless he is not capable of doing more than he has yet accomplished, he will not get the North River fire by his "wonderful" achievements.

from Europe, (and who, we learn, are engaged to go to Havana with Charrin) appeared and gave what is known as the Brothers Act," consisting of ground exercises. Their performances were of the weak and tame order, and showed us nothing new or wonderful. The Arab act, which was the only exception, the best performance of the whole evening's entertainment. This was a principal act of horsemanship by Miss Mary Carroll, a lady who is destined to become one of the best equestrians in the profession. Her graceful bearing and pleasing personal appearance, and in adding greatly to the attraction of the establishment. The Arab act, which consisted of a "figure feature," were next introduced. They consist of eleven men, and a child about 8 years of age. Their performances consist of posturing and throwing flip-flops, which is nothing new or wonderful. In their posturing act, the greatest number of men, twelve in all, were introduced, and three of these were clinging to his body. Among the Arabs, there were several years ago with Joe Cushing, there was one who held up six men, and we believe on several occasions he held up eight. The Arabs now with us closed their performances by turning flip-flops, which are done by all the gymnasts of every country. The Arab act, which is a very popular one, and which is really smart; the best look like a brigade of Irish Eaters who have just got their fill, and feel like laying down for a quiet snooze. The show was brought to a close with the performances of a trick pony, during which act the comic mule business was introduced. The trick pony business is that the rider, as we have previously mentioned, is a woman, and that the animal is a horse. The previous night, Mrs. James M. Nixon, who has just returned from the country with the Ella Zeyra show, had this same trick pony and was showing him up at Brooklyn. We now find him in the Nixon show, on Fourteenth street. But this is easily accounted for, as the animal belongs to Mr. Metcalf, of the Fall River show, and he is a very good horse, and is very smart, to say the least. Next week Jimmy Reynolds appears as clown; he is a very smart little fellow, and is sure to please all by his correct and gentlemanly manner. Madame Macarte did not appear during the past week, but she may not in an appearance at some future time. The show may not be a very good house for two weeks, but it will not be a failure. The show was introduced. P. S.—Since the above was in type we learn that Mr. Nixon has dispensed with the services of M. Verreke, who was withdrawn from the show on Wednesday, Sept. 24. The attendance during the week has been very large, both at the Hippodrome and at the show. The show is a very good one, and the crowd has been so great as to make it uncomfortable.

The New York Theatre (lately known as the New Ideal), opens this evening, thoroughly reconstructed, and fitted up in excellent style, and will be conducted hereafter as a first class theatre. The first stars announced by the manager are the Martinelli and Marzetti troupe. An excellent stock company has been secured, and no pains will be spared by the manager to make this establishment a favorite resort for old and young New York. The fairy pantomime of "Raoul, or the Magic Star," and the melodrama "Katy the Vivandiere," are the opening bill for this evening.

The new German Theatre (on the site of the Volks Garden) will be a very large theatre, they say, almost as large as the Academy of Music. Hamann will be the sole proprietor. Manager Meubert, of San Francisco, will be his partner, in a certain sense. The theatre is said to be the first German stage theatre in the country, and honestly reported to be also the wife, the soubrette, Mrs. Meubert, sister of Mad. Methua Scheller.

Anschutz will produce Weber's opera, "Euryanthe," first, with Mad. Dora Lasso. He will also produce Gounod's "Faust," and Wagner's "Tannhauser."

Mrs. Lewis B. Loring, of the Episcopolian Circus, is, to wit, looking as fat and hearty as ever. He says that so far he has had an excellent summer business.

Mrs. States, California prima donna, is in the city, but not professionally engaged.

The New Bowery Theatre is keeping pace with the progress of the amusement world, and is constantly announcing something new, interesting and attractive. Manager Lingard announces this evening's appearance of "The Ghost of Akeny," the same play which has been every evening during the last week of the drama. "Guy Fawkes" will be brought out this Monday evening; also the favorite drama of "The New York Freeman." On Friday, the 10th, Manager Lingard takes a benefit, on which occasion a very attractive bill will be offered by the *benefactors*, including the Bedouin Arabs, now performing at Mr. Nixon's Circus. Mr. Lingard is a very industrious, hard working manager, and deserves the support of all theatre goers. Let him have as liberal a house as he is a liberal man, and the New Bowery will be crowded.

At the old Bowery Theatre, Manager Lingard has just attracted very large audiences to his theatre by the offering of the drama of "The Ghost of Akeny." The effect is all that can be attained. The phantom figures stand out in vivid distinctness, and the startled audiences find it almost impossible to realize by the sense of sight alone, that the apparitions which they see are moving and acting, and whose voices they hear in sepulchral tones, are shadows and not living realities. The effect of the illusions is equally gratifying and startling. This drama will continue to hold the boards

some time to come, as it is proving as attractive as anything

yants' Minstrels continue to crowd their comfortable little every night. Their wit is keen and pungent, and their burlesques sufficiently comical to draw smiles from the most hypocritical of humanity. Their dancing is the quintessence of frivolousness, and their *repertoire* of Minstrelsy is full of the stunts that one does not weary of listening to.

Marion Courthoyn, singer, dancer and the late Francis Clavier, who, with the help of the city's best musicians, the Music Hall, "44," continue to attract very full houses every night. On Saturday afternoon last we took a look to the Matinee, and found the house very crowded. There quite a large sprinkling of ladies present, who seemed to be the chief attraction of the evening. With them came Tony and Jas. Wambolt. Tony Pastor is a great favorite with the ladies, for we observed quite a number applauding and cheering him out for the fourth time. This week Miss Clara Hamilton, the beautiful vocalist, puts in an appearance, and we have doubtless much to look forward to. From our personal attractions, which always goes a great ways with the show—she is a very clever vocalist, her repertoire consisting of the new as well as the most popular old songs of the day.

We continue to hear good accounts of Joe Jefferson's movements in Australia. In a letter from Mr. A. Nish, of the Christy Minstrels, now traveling in that country, we find a batch of items that cannot fail of being of interest to the profession hereabouts. It is dated

FRANK QUEEN:—As the mail leaves here to-morrow, I think I will drop you a few lines and let you know the state of things at the present time. The Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Harry Sullivan is doing the legitimate business, as directed by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hurrey (formerly Miss Fanny Cathart), of Melbourne, Dublin, Ireland, etc., etc. .... At the Haymarket, J. Jefferson, who has made the best hit ever achieved in Australia in his line of business, and who is undoubtedly the greatest favorite on the Melbourne stage—is now playing a round of his favorite characters, supported by a fine stock company, including Julia Mathers, J. Stewart, etc., etc. .... The Theatre Royal seems to be doing a very good business. .... At Sydney, the Olympic Company have commenced their season under most favorable auspices, in the New Prince of Wales Theatre. At the Victoria, Chas. Dillon is attracting very good audiences. At the School of Arts, the Lancashire Bell Ringers—a speculation of Coppin's—are doing a very fair business. The Theatre Royal, Melbourne, regarding the late fire, have opened in Melbourne, the Theatre Royal, and played four weeks to crowded houses. Thence to Sydney, where we played nine weeks to houses crammed to the ceiling, at six, three and two. We are playing a short engagement in Tasmania, previous to our departure for New Zealand, where we open on the 10th of August, at the Princess Theatre, Dunedin, under an excellent management. We are doing a very fair business, which we receive seventeen hundred pounds sterling (£1700) clear of all expenses. At the close of our engagement there, we shall take a trip through the other towns in New Zealand, on our own account, returning to Melbourne for the Christmas Holidays. The success of our party is greater than anything that has ever visited Australia. Mr. Harry Leslie, an American, who has been here for some time, is doing a very fair business, and is very popular. His company, consisting of two (Geo. Loder and wife (Miss Emma Neville), are in New Zealand, giving their entertainments called "Evenings at Home." The company are all well and in excellent spirits, and desire to be kindly remembered to you as well as their professional acquaintances and friends at home. .... Max Irwin and W. Allen arrived here last week, and are doing a very fair business. They are to accept the Concert Rooms, and they are of a low order, being free. .... Chas. Keane and wife are expected here shortly. .... Jno. W. Smith, one of the old originals in the cork business, has just returned here from India with Klier's Troupe, after a successful tour, extending as far as Siam. .... I notice in the *Chronicle* an account of the shipwreck and loss of the *Boley Minstrels*, among which is a great deal of error. The *Chronicle* is in error in the "Boley Troupe." D. F. Boley, wife and three children; Geo. W. Demerest; Charles LeGrew; W. White; Lee; W. Robson, and Totten, agent. Of the above list the only survivor is Mr. Robson, who is now in Melbourne. J. C. Kainer is still living, and has a good hotel property in India, and is doing a very fair business. The late *Boley Minstrels*, the last date, also well, in India, with the San Francisco Minstrels. They were doing a good business at late accounts in Calcutta. I mention this in order to relieve the anxiety which must necessarily be felt by their relatives.

The Pittsburgh Theatre since the opening night has been doing a very good business. The "Duke's Signal" had possession of the boards last week and succeeded in drawing most excellent audiences. Miss Susan Denin is the star this week. On the 21st Miss Matilda Heron commences an engagement.

Emma Waller continues to be the attraction at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo. On the last a new play entitled "Naomi," translated from the German by Geo. Marlowe, was presented and proved to be very successful. The Metropolitan, Spokane, Wash., is at present presenting the Metropolitan. Speaking of Zee, the theatre of that city says:—"Although the *danceuse* is not the wonderful contortionist that Cubas is, or her equal in pantomime, she is eminently her superior as a dancer."

At the Defence Theatre, Cairo, business is mentioned by a correspondent as being very good. On the last inst. Mr. Frank Roche was up for a benefit. He was so confident that he, has withdrawn

Mr. Joseph K. Eaton, who has been in the city for some time, has been engaged for leading heavy business, in consequence of being cast as Glauco in the "Last Days of Pompeii"—a walking gent, part. We think Mr. K., like many others in the profession, is very foolish individual to make so much of so little.

Manager Fuller, the leading lady for his fall and winter seasons. Tanny Brier, the leading lady for his fall and winter seasons.

The New Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is to open for the first time on Saturday evening, the 12th inst. The many memories associated with the "Old Arch" are in the main as pleasant as they are diversified. From the date at which it was opened, on the 1st of September, 1828, by W. B. Wood, until the time it closed on the 1st of May, 1853, by W. H. Johnson, it was connected with the usual successes and non-successes of theatrical management. The last season of this time honored temple was a very successful one, and the one to come will no doubt be equally so. The improvements made are an additional argument for this. The following is a full and complete list of the artists engaged at this house of amusement:—Messrs. Barton, Hill, Johnson, Robson, W. H. Griffith, Crawford, and W. H. Johnson. The ladies, Mrs. W. H. Griffith, Mrs. Penmyer, W. Wallis, Chas. Hilliard, O. S. Fawcett, R. Craig, C. Rogers, A. Worth, John Little and Edward Wilkes. Mesdames Stoneall, H. Jones, Stephens and John Drew. Misses Isabella Freeman, Mary Carr, Josephine Henry, E. Price, C. Reid, E. Jones, Susan Field, Gardner and E. Porter. Mrs. John Drew is the soprano. The leader of the orchestra: C. J. Hasborth, scenic artist; John Faxon, machinist; and Joseph D. Murphy, business manager and treasurer.

The New Memphis Theatre, under the management of Messrs J. McDonald and G. Rayfield, commenced its season on the 26th ult., with the following bill of ladies and gentlemen:—Messrs F. A. Tannehill, Coleman, Pope, E. A. Lester, G. A. Lester, and Radcliffe, M. A. Estelle and M. Lester; Messrs F. A. Tannehill, I. DeGroat, Parks, F. R. Pierce, W. Sefton, R. McWade, M. Lavelle, W. R. Goodwin, G. Mortimer, J. T. Tracy, W. Herbert, E. Emerson, J. F. Pike, J. F. Ward, C. Dyke, W. Schlim, J. Williams, J. W. DeMitt, R. Arnold, F. Arnold, W. Schunzinger, H. Arnold, J. Schleicher, M. Hecht, C. Strindberger, R. Schmidt, J. Emanuel, commenced with an opening performance by Mrs. F. A. Tannehill, followed by the "Madame Lover," and "The Specter Bedroom."

The Theatre Royal, Hamilton, Canada, opened for the fall and winter season on the 31st ult., with the play of "Retribution," and "The Irish Heiress." The following is a list of the company:—Lottie E. Marble, acting manager, Wm. D. McLaughlin, manager, J. K. Power, Wm. E. H. Power, J. W. Cogswell, Wm. Wright, Edwin Martine, H. E. Keelston, Julia Vincent, Annie LeChaire, Mrs. Marianne Rainford.

At the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Emily Thorne and Wm. D. McLaughlin are the two attractions. Business is said to have been excellent during the past two weeks.

last week at Wood's Theatre, Birmingham. The business is said to have been excellent. They opened at Wood's Theatre, Louisville, on the 7th, where they will no doubt do a good business. Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., is to be opened in a short time, preparatory to which, the various artists engaged a warning to appear at the Wood's Theatre, Louisville, on the 10th, to perform in the new play of Grover in our advertisement columns. See advertisement, Sept. 25d.

John was withdrawn at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, after a successful run of ten nights. Coudock and daughter were to play for a benefit on the 4th, when "The Jew of Frankfurt" and "O-

Cubus made a decided failure in her attempt at a speaking tour, and it is today very likely that the lady will very soon go to the "Land of the Living Dead."

Early in the evening, the Cuban actress, who was to sing and to grieve, was to have commenced its season on the Silver City, but owing to the alterations not being completed, the opening night was postponed to the 2d inst., the promised attraction being Señorita Cubus for the first time in America in a speaking part, in a drama called "Lavango, or the espasy Brother," owing to the ludicrous failure of Cubus in the speaking part, the drama was withdrawn on the 1st inst., and the "Frenchie" was substituted in its place, and the actress, in a different house, The

"Sny" will be the main attraction during the current week, together with Miss C. Jefferson, who was to make her first appearance on the 7th, as Margery, in the "Rough Diamond." J. H. Myers will open his season in Portland, Me., on the 21st, introducing to the notice of the Portlanders J. E. McRoberts and his "Seven Sisters." The season of Mr. Murray, comedian, who is now associated with Mr. Myers in the Hartford houses. The stock will be played one week, and then Jane Adams will follow, opening on the 21st. To be succeeded by Julia Pitts.

The Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, opened on the 22nd with the comedy of the "Rivals," in which Mrs. John Drew will appear. On Monday, the 14th, the Richings Opera Troupe commences a brief season.

For continuation of Theatrical Record, see page 147.



SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1893.

PITTSBURGH—OR PITTSBURGH?—Confused by the diversity of usage in the orthography of the city whence the distinguished sculler Hamill hails, even from the city itself, we have taken the trouble to interrogate the Mayor on the subject, and his clerk, Mr. D. Mercer, very kindly returns us the following courteous and conclusive reply:—

PITTSBURGH, August 24, 1893.  
Dear Sir—Yours of the 21st to hand, contents noted. The "h" is always used here in spelling "Pittsburgh," both in public and private records; and I feel convinced it is correct to use it in spelling the name of the city. Yours respectfully, D. M.

That settles it, and the CLIPPER will hereafter spell the name, with confidence, accordingly. We fancy the prevailing tendency to omit the "h," as superfluous, is a movement of "Young America" to improve upon the old folks, as the superfluous "u" has been stricken from "favor," "parlor," etc.; and we fancy, moreover, that the change, in the end, will be adopted. We have a somewhat parallel case in "Milwaukee," which many commenced writing "Milwaukie," but the city government, by special statute, pronounced for "chee." This change, unlike the other, being but a mere effort of affectation, we believe will never be made.

A LITTLE GEM.—Rarely indeed do we see a little picture of only a few inches square that so much attracts our attention as one of five "cunning little chicks" in the window of Snedcor's Fine Art Gallery, 708 Broadway, near 9th street. It is a marvel of beauty, and those who delight in such works of art will thank us for pointing it out. The truth to nature, the coloring, and the exquisite finish, are all of the happiest inspiration of the best moments of a true artist. It is a piece of rare excellence, and he is a man to be envied whose means, guided by correct taste, enable him to become the purchaser of such prizes to beautify and render cheerful his home.

ON DIT.—It has semi-officially been hinted to us that the decidedly lively Jersey City Yacht Club is soon to take measures to have a Fall Regatta. If the idea is realized, and we have scarcely a doubt it will be, we shall assuredly be there to take an account of things. We expect to see the "Colleen Bawn" shine.

## SIGHTS IN LONDON.

## REMINISCENCES OF A TRIP TO ENGLAND.

## NUMBER FIVE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Brydges Street—Costume's Shop—Examining Things—Stuffed Legs and "Buzunus"—An Adventure Behind the Scenes—Cotton Triumphant—Stick a Pin There—Professor Harrison, the Strong Man—Who Go There—A Fighting Argument—How We Stuck Up for the Benicia Boy—Description of the Professor's Portures—Bell and Cup from Her Majesty—How He Got His Muscle, and Who He Looks Like.

Easy access from Drury Lane Theatre, and Covent Garden Opera House, is the famous drum of Professor Harrison, one of the strongest men in the world. It is in Brydges street, a thoroughfare famous as being the headquarters of theatrical costumers, wig makers, pumps and tights builders, and all sorts of gim-cracks connected with the "profess." In one of these curiosity shops we used to have full swing, because we knew a girl who knew another girl that worked there. You'd better believe we didn't have gay times in quizzing the "pads" and "pommes" used by "female figures" when playing moon characters. So much were we taken up in examining things that went to make up female legs when the raw material was scarce, that after perambulating around Covent Garden Market, and a whole lot of other places, our course was invariably to the costumers', where the aforesaid piece of moulton hung out. If we were not in with these people, we could take a look at "buzunus and things" that would take away at least half of that peculiar fascination the men folk have for those sights behind the footlights, which tend so much to spoil garrote collars, lengthen the vertebrae and improve the eye sight. Why, gentle reader, more than three-fourths of those voluptuous legs you see on the stage are stuffed—yes, stuffed!—to the enticing plumpness they present to the unsophisticated young man from the White Mountains or Tidewater. Oh, but they are now. Not only legs, but the whole figure is frequently made the work of art nature. A few years ago, "in the days they were no crinoline," and when coal was only \$3.50 a ton, a lady friend took us behind the scenes in one of the east side theatres to cure our "morantic" ideas of getting dead stuck after every musical performance. The lady in question, who had come to exhibit a splendid "form," placed among a company of virgins, with scarcely anything to wear, our modesty was getting the best of our judgment, and we wanted to go home by the first boat, but we were a prisoner of war, or rather in the hands of one of the Woman's Rights people, and could not leave till she left. You're read the story of the early beggar orator, haven't you? Well, if we did not stick a pin, half an inch, in the trunk of one of the models without the lady's knowing anything about it, may we be ridden on a rail for a Mormonite. Mind, somebody put us up to do it, knowing very well there was cotton on such thick before you could draw blood, and it was either stick in the pin or pay for a box of "Buzunus," so that, of two evils, we chose the least. This "goes for to show" that all is not flesh that looks pinky.

"To reason." Professor Harrison's house is called the "Cheesire Cheese," and was formerly in Vinegar Yard. There's no mistaking the ranche; he has his own horn extensively in brass letters on his window to do that. We quote what he has to say:—"Professor Harrison, one of the Strongest Men in the World, originator of the Sports at Saville House. Lessons in the Indian Club and Dumb Bell Exercise given. Every kind of gymnastic implements supplied. There are two entrances—one for costumers, and the other for the public. To be contrary to other people, we entered by the costumers' door, called for a "pot o' sherry" and "screw of shag," and squatted down on an old bench to take our time over it. Presently a "bobbie" appeared, all in uniform; then a red coat, afterwards a "coaster" of the very best customers the London gin palace has. They all had a "fourpenny." As everybody might expect, pugilism was their "forte" in a conversational point of view, and they got blowing about little Tom and big Tom—the King and the Sayers—for which nobody can blame them, but as a one-sided argument is no argument at all, we put in our bit in the following choice language:—"Old man, I say, I think you're quite fast. Between me and you, you'll find there's no bloody kid about 'Eenam, either when 'e puts up 'is 'ands to fight Tom King." Finding the boy had one friend there, the M. P. gradually got around on our side, and such an intellectual debating society you never did see. Francis Train's harangues in the House of Commons were like the dirty black Thames to the "predicament" Hudson, in comparison. Before we separated, somebody about our size was drinking the "Benicia Boy's" bloody good "ealth" at every pop, much to the Professor's amusement, who had been attracted by the ranting, but liking the subject, was sorry when it ended.

The Cheesire Cheese's portrait gallery, though not very extensive, is "kinder curious." Of old paintings there are three bulls, two monkeys, two men, and a woman—a very happy family. The bulls are behaving themselves, the monkeys are aping men stripped for a bath, the men are Broughton and Slack, with heads shaved as they appeared in their memorable fall when pugilism was in its infancy (but that doesn't make infants of the boxes, though, does it?), and the woman is reclining on her couch of down, waiting for William Henry to wake up and bring her some chocolate—according to Mrs. Harrison. A fine painting of the boss of the shanty presents him stripped, surrounded with all his paraphernalia of clubs, balls, dumb-bells, etc. Race for the Derby; Dog with hat, cigar, and frog; Cricket match; Four horses—engravings, complete the pictures.

In a glass case behind the bar, the Professor keeps the belt and cup presented him by the Queen, and the identical clubs which he used before Her Majesty, with several other clubs with knobs on the ends—very funny-looking jokers, as long, like things of life. As for dumb-bells, there's enough to stock a junk shop, varying in weight from 10 lbs. to 15 lbs., laying around promiscuously on the floor every which way. A plaster cast of his head and another of his arm are suspended in the entrance.

It is said that Prof. Harrison first began practice with the Indian clubs about sixteen years ago, at which time his muscular development was very great, his measurement being then—Round the chest, 37 1/2 in.; round the upper arm, 13 in.; and round the fore arm, 13 in. The club with which Mr. H. commenced weighed about 7 lb. each; he advanced progressively, and in three years he could wield with perfect ease two clubs each weighing 37 lbs., and his heaviest 45 lbs. The effect of this exercise on the wrestler's measurement was as follows:—Round the chest, 42 1/2 in.; the upper arm, 18 in.; and the fore arm, 18 in. At the same time his shoulders had increased immensely, and the muscles of his arms, which were weak when he first used the clubs, were largely developed and powerful. In short, all the muscles of the trunk were much improved by this exercise. Among other astonishing feats of strength which we have seen him perform, that of lifting a 70 lb. weight on his little finger. Latterly the Professor has been paid much attention to the exercise, further than as a teacher of calisthenics. He is getting "aged," as they say of horses, and is also fond of his drop of good beer, long pipe, and Cheesire cheese. Though lacking the corporeity and ponderosity of our obese and worthy friend, Prof. Ottogener, he is not unlike him in features, and about the same genial temperament of the celebrated teacher of boxing now located at 609 Broadway.

## DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

## NEW SERIES.—NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

## EDWARD LAMB.

This gentleman was born in the City of New York, where he made his first appearance on any stage during the season of 1852, at the Chatham Theatre, under Purdy's management, as a utility man. So rapid was his progress in the profession he had chosen, that in one year and a half he was engaged as the principal low comedian of the old Bowery Theatre, then under the control of J. P. Waldron. He remained here some time, becoming quite a favorite with the boys, as well as those of larger growth. He then bent his steps toward the South, where he remained three years, playing in the principal theatres in that section of the country. We next find him playing a short engagement at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, with George Kunkel. Here he made a very favorable impression, from the fact of his bearing so close a resemblance to Joe Jefferson, who is a great favorite in that city. Mr. Lamb, at the close of this engagement, was secured by Messrs. Wheatley, Davison and Jarrett's Combination, and went to the Boston Academy. He then returned to New York, and continued a permanent member of Mr. Wheatley's company, at Niblo's Garden, where he is at the present time. He has fulfilled, at different times, several very successful engagements with Buckland, at the Montreal Theatre. He is possessed of wonderful powers as a comedian, which should raise him to a proud elevation among the great artists of the day. His pathos is as touching as his humor is quaint. He never loses sight of the character he assumes for an instant, and makes a vigilant interest in whatever is passing on the scene, being just as attentive an auditor when he has disarmed envy and prejudice by a rare and suddenly modesty, which, to the general business of the scene in which he is engaged, imparts the glitter of the morning dew lit up by the sunlight. At present Miss Schultze is fulfilling an engagement at Hamilton's Varieties, Washington, where, no doubt, the lady will prove as attractive as in this city.

## LIZZIE SCHULTZE.

This lady is well known throughout the profession as a very graceful dancer. As such she has become a great favorite in this city, while engaged at Butler's Music Hall, 44 Broadway. She is also possessed of a considerable versatility of talent, for it is not alone in the many dance that she is known for, she has made her mark as a vocalist, and farce actress as well. As an actress she has played many a prominent part in the farces which have occasionally been brought out at 444. Comedy in person and unending in variety, this lady disarms envy and prejudice by a rare and suddenly modesty, which, to the general business of the scene in which she is engaged, imparts the glitter of the morning dew lit up by the sunlight. At present Miss Schultze is fulfilling an engagement at Hamilton's Varieties, Washington, where, no doubt, the lady will prove as attractive as in this city.

## MRS. BRETT.

Made her first appearance on the London Stage, at the Haymarket, and afterwards at the Covent Garden Theatre. Made her first appearance on the American stage, in 1795, at the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, Mass. In February, 1796, appeared at the John Street Theatre, New York, as Lady Wrentham, in "The Provoked Husband."

## MR. AND MRS. J. S. BAKER.

Mr. Baker was born in New York, May 2d, 1830, and made his first appearance in New York in 1848, at the Greenwich Street Theatre, as Francis, in "The Stranger." In 1852 was a permanent member of the Arch Street Theatre company, Philadelphia. Was married to Miss Sarah Porter, March, 1853, at Buffalo, N. Y. Mrs. Baker (maiden name Porter) was born in Philadelphia, where she made her debut December 17th, 1838, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Virginia, in "Virginia," for the benefit of her father, the veteran actor, Mr. Charles S. Porter. Her second appearance was in the character of Henriette, January 21st, 1839. Her third, as Pauline, in which she was highly complimented by our native tragedian, Forrest. In succession she played Therese, Lucille, Cordelia, Mariana, Mrs. Haller, Julia, Eugenia, and Isabella, in Tortosa.

## THE BOONE CHILDREN.

Gave their first dramatic entertainment, at Norfolk, Va., March, 1857, appearing in "Romeo and Juliet," "The Honey Moon," and "Box and Cox." In 1859 they were at the Colosseum, London.

## T. G. BOOTH.

Made his first appearance on any stage, October 20th, 1853, at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., as Hector Timid. Was a very good low comedian, and a comic singer. Died in Toronto, C. W., August 18th, 1885. The remains were brought to New York for interment.

## J. S. BOOTH.

Born in 1821, died at Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 28th 1858, while low comedian of Baldwin & Marston's traveling company.

## CHARLES S. BERNARD.

Born in Boston, Mass., August 8th, 1816. Was familiarly known as the American Fire King. Made his first appearance as a chorus singer, in 1839, at the Bowery Theatre, New York. In 1852, was at Brougham's Lyceum, New York. Now dramatic agent in New York and retired from the active duties of the stage.

## MR. BELL.

Made his first appearance on the American stage, September 17th, 1853, at the Nassau Street Theatre, New York, as Sir John Bevil, in "The Conscious Lovers."

## JAMES W. BATES.

Son of old John Bates, of National Theatre, Cincinnati. Was manager of the St. Louis, Louisville, and Cincinnati, Ohio, theatres. Died, from the effects of a fall, in Cincinnati, February, 1852.

## MRS. BECELEY.

Made her first appearance on the American stage, September 17th, 1853, as Phillis, in "The Conscious Lovers," at the Nassau Street Theatre, New York.

## CAROLINE E. BERNARD.

Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, August 20th, 1853, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Georgiana, in "Money." In 1852 was at the Memphis Theatre. At present is one of the company attached to the Nashville Theatre.

## FREDERICK F. BUXTON.

Born in Bow Lane, Cheapside, London; made his first appearance on the American stage, in March, 1850, at Louisville, Ky., as Peter, in "The Stranger." Made his debut on the London stage, in 1847, at the Olympic Theatre, as David, in "The Rivals." His first appearance before the public took place at York, England, in 1844, when he appeared as Mr. Gilman, in "The Happiest Day of My Life." Died in Chicago, Ill., January 17th, 1885, while a member of McVicker's Theatre. Mr. Buxton was a comedian of considerable merit and reputation, and in the private walks of life was highly esteemed by his acquaintances.

## MRS. MARIA BUXTON.

Born in Philadelphia; made her first appearance on any stage at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in 1837, as one of the "company ballet." She soon left that city and became attached to Niblo's, New York, where she remained for some time. In 1852 she took her march for the West, and finally settled in Chicago, Ill., where she still remains.

## CLARA L. BAKER.

Wife of George L. Baker, of the celebrated Baker family of vocalists, died at Waukegan, Pa., August 26th, 1858.

## MRS. BARNET.

Made her debut in Philadelphia, December 18th, 1848, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Lucy, in "The Virginia Mummy."

## MRS. BAILEY.

Maiden name Watson, was born in England in 1815. Made her first appearance on the American stage, December 4th, 1834, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, sustaining four characters in "The Four Mowbrays." In 1837, was married to Mr. Bailey. First appeared in New York, October 2nd, 1844, at the Park Theatre, as Susannah, in "The Marriage of Figaro." Retired from the stage, and at last accounts was a teacher of music in New York. Few who have appeared on the stage excelled her in singing simple airs and ballads, and certainly none excited more general satisfaction.

## MR. BARTON.

Born in England; made his first appearance on the American stage, in 1852, at the Park Theatre, New York, as John, in "The Four Mowbrays." In 1857, was married to Mrs. Barton. Was acting manager at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, for several seasons. Returned to England and died there in 1858.

## CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

CARD.—MR. EDITOR: I admit the error in the solution given by me in my card of July 15th, as shown by E. L. It was given me by an acquaintance, and I thought it correct. At the time I was challenged by "B." I thought Black could win; but as he backed down so easily, I concluded to "bluff" him. I now think the position is drawn, and if H. L. thinks differently, he can send for his solutions. Yours, &c., E. L. HICKOK.

CARD.—ED. CLIPPER: I disagree with J. McLean in his correction of "Will o' the Wisp," as I show by the following play that Anderson is still correct.—

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
25. 22 to 26	39 to 23	29. 7 to 10	12 to 8
26. 27 to 18	9 to 6	30. 8 to 12	28 to 24
27. 11 to 15	20 to 16	31. 19 to 28	2 to 7
28. 15 to 19	6 to 2	32. 12 to 19	7 to 16

Drawn, and Anderson O. K.  
Yours, &c., E. L. HICKOK.

## SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 20—Vol. XI.

BY I. D. J. SWEET.

White.	Black.
1. 18 to 14	9 to 18
2. 17 to 22	18 to 25
3. 27 to 23, and wins.	

## SOLUTION OF STURGES' 136th POSITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 26 to 22	17 to 26	5. 16 to 11	7 to 10
2. 32 to 28	10 to 17	6. 12 to 8	4 to 11
3. 28 to 32	1 to 10	7. 19 to 12	26 to 19
4. 27 to 24	20 to 27	8. 32 to 30, and wins.	

## GAME No. 21—Vol. XI.

From Drummond's Second Edition.

## "FANNY KAT."—SINGLE CORNER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 11 to 15	22 to 18	12. 11 to 15	32 to 28
2. 15 to 22	25 to 18	13. 15 to 24	28 to 19
3. 10 to 15	18 to 11	14. 10 to 15	19 to 10
4. 8 to 15	23 to 19	15. 6 to 15	22 to 18
5. 7 to 10	21 to 17	16. 15 to 22	26 to 17
6. 9 to 14	17 to 13	17. 5 to 9	13 to 6
7. 4 to 8	29 to 25	18. 1 to 10	32 to 18
8. 8 to 11	27 to 23	19. 3 to 7	31 to 26
9. 14 to 17	25 to 22	20. 12 to 16	20 to 11
10. 17 to 21	24 to 20	21. 7 to 16	18 to 14
11. 15 to 24	28 to 19	22. 16 to 20	14 to 7

Drawn.

## MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B. White—Acceptance.

15. 9 to 13 26 to 22

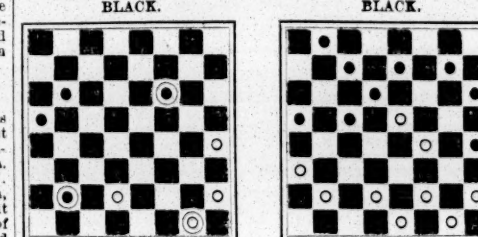
## POSITION No. 31—Vol. XI. THE 137th POSITION OF STURGES.

BY THE ED. D. D.

END-GAME.

Dedicated to Young Players.

BLACK. WHITE.



White to move and win.

White to move and win.

## THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHAS. A. GILBERT.—Accept our most cordial thanks for renewed proofs of interest in our column, all the more acceptable in the midst of the prevailing depression of Chess interests.

FRED VOGL, U. S. Engineers.—Your antagonist's fourth and sixth moves were so utterly weak that they spoil the game for publication. They could not retrieve their game; we hope shortly to see a much stronger contest. Their fourth move should have been, K B to B 4th, or P to K R 4th.

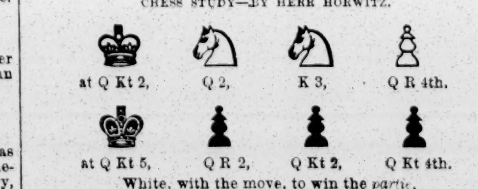
TOODLES, Wheeling, Va.—No! It is an impossible move. You should procure "Beagle's Dime Chess Instructor."

C. C. B., Newark, N. J.—To answer your questions, and "give you such instructions as will be needed to play 'double chess,'" through the CLIPPER, is quite impossible; and of no use after given, as to get suitable materials for it would cost more than the game is worth. If you wish, however, we can send you a chess treatise, containing all that is known of this form of game, for fifty-four cents.

## ENIGMA No. 396.

From the Era.

CHES STUDY—BY HERR HOKWITZ.



White, with the move, to win the game.

## PROBLEM No. 396.

BY F. EUGENE BLENZINGER.

BLACK.



White, with the move, to win the game.

## THE TRAGIC QUEEN.

Such are your thoughts, dear friend of other days; The past deserved, and shall receive, our praise, Even as your own; but glory lingers yet, Though the long triumph of the sun be set. Forrest, like some brave Eolarch of the wood, Time-tried, stands prouder than before he stood, Spreads his strong arms, ere his massive head, And mocks the storms! For be his honors spread! Still green and glorious, may they win—command—The love, the tribute of his native land: Nor here alone—such power is not confined—His are the attributes that rule mankind!

## THE TRAGIC QUEEN.

The Tragic Queen, whose sway you owned before, Yet lives!—when Charlotte Cushman reigns no more— But that may never be! Her throne of grace, All hearts o'er canopy, all minds embrace!

## THE TRAGIC QUEEN.

Your grand "King Richard," true, has ceased to reign, His sons survive—he lives in them again! Jefferson yielded to his only foe; But still he charms us in his grandson "Joe." Joe, of the old, immortal, joyous name—"Chip of the block," the same—the very same! While Hackett, valorous Eolarch of the wood, Like Warren walks, and shakes your ponderous city.

## THE TRAGIC QUEEN.

Then, Maggie Mitchell, like—her dainty self! "Many in one" enchanting, "tricksy elf!" Here the sweet secret, when she will, to bid "Dull care begone," or, the eyes' light lid Gather swift tears—In her "Punch," chirps my heart away!

## THE TRAGIC QUEEN.

How I forget! We have a play to-night; All who are here, low-bending, we invite To see it through. To all whom you may bring Hereafter, will we say—some equal thing, And do, whatever of the best we may, To win your favor for ourselves and play!

## THE TRAGIC QUEEN.

Now—and herewith our small oration ends— LONG LIVE THE DRAMA, AND THE DRAMA'S FRIENDS! THOMAS S. DONOHO.

Irrywall, Washington, D. C., August, 1863.

## ON "WIDMEN."

When Eve brought us to all mankind, Old Adam called her woman— But when she used with love so kind, He then pronounced it woman— But now with folly and with pride, Their husband's pocket's trimmin', The ladies are so full of whims, The people call them widmen.

## MIRTH A TRUE FRIEND.

MIRTH A TRUE FRIEND.—He was a true humanitarian philosopher who first penned the following paragraph:—"Fun is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart and brightens the intellect. Let us laugh when we can."

## "COME AND SEE ME."

"COME AND SEE ME."—In the Bowery hangs a comical sign in front of a porter house, representing a blue pig standing on his hind legs and playing a whist, with the words "Come and see me" underneath. What it all means is entirely beyond our ken.

Q 3d, forcing the Kt to move, when the advance of K P would have been much more effective.

(c) A resource which would not have been available had the Kt been attacked, as indicated in the previous note.

(d) A bad move which loses a piece. The game, however, could not have been saved.

(e) Mr. Paulsen does not fail to take prompt advantage of his adversaries' weak play.

## OPENING ADDRESS.

FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Thursday, August 27th, 1863.

Spoken by J. A. HENNE, Esq.

As from the ashes Cinderella rose, Rise ye, all radiant from our night of woes, The stately night, which, suddenly, became Black with vast clouds and terrible with flame; And you, dear friends, and we who tread the boards, Gave one long sigh, and said: "Farewell to Ford's!"

"Farewell to Ford's"—and welcome Ford's again: A nobler palace for the Muses' reign! May Beauty's smile, and Man's approval, grace, And happier fortune crown our brave new play!

"New Place!" the term came surely not by chance; It bears an omen of significance; For Shakespeare thus his home at Stratford named; And our new place, for his sake, shall be famed!

Shakespeare! That magic name we ever speak With love on lip, joy on the kindling cheek, Pride in the eye, and wonder on the brow! What may the Past, what may the boastful Now, Inscribe above it? To our father's Isle, From this wild shore, there was a chain ere while, And Shakespeare was our brother. That Debate Which broke the chain, and formed our Stratford State, Even among its awful questions, gave Grandeur to this: "Our liberty we save, Our Home—but lose our Shakespeare!" Was he lost? No! in our hearts, however tempest-tost, We bore him, till the storm awoke no more, Then said: "We were a few, who loved before— Lo! a New World, to love thee, gentle brother, With a full reverence, fondly as the other!"

So the chain binds us yet, in war's despite, A stronger chain, electric, golden, bright; And we, the living forms of Shakespeare's dream,



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